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CLASS OF 1915

A Full and True

ACCOUNT

Of the Apprending and Taking *Dr. WELTON*, a Nonjuring Clergyman, late Miniſter of White-Chapel, on Wedneſday, Feb. 10 1719-20. who it is thought was the Author of Vox Populi, Vox dei, for which Young Mr. Matthews was Executed at Tyburn.

WHat to ſay fully of this unfortunate divine, we cannot as yet pretend; but almoſt every one knows, that he continually ſtood firm to his Principles, which being deem'd offenſive, he was ſuſpended from his Living, and after had his Goods ſeiz'd. But as he ſeem'd for Conſcience ſake to ſlight Misfortunes in this Life, ſo we may be apt to think he would ſuffer death itſelf, rather than to neglect the Performance of his deſigns. The High Sermons that have been preach'd, and Books written by him, abundantly ſhew the Spirit of this Divine: And for this Reaſon, ſome imagine him to be the Author of Vox Populi, Vox Dei; eſpecially ſince Mrs. Powell has been taken up, for he lay a long time dormant, till he was apprehended by the Meſſengers on Wedneſday the 10th of this Inſtant.

Now whether he has been impeached by any now in Cuſtody, I cannot ſay; or, whether Vox Populi was the Contrivance of a Set of Men, or a ſingle Perſon, and that Him alone, none certainly knows. But this we know that ſeveral People are in Cuſtody upon that Account, viz. Mr. Holloway, Mr. Hoyle, Mr. Bonner, Printers; one Horneygold a Barber, Mr. Alexander ſaid to be the Publiſher, laſtly Mrs. Powell who printed the Weekly Orphan, if not the divine I have been talking of. No doubt, if the Impeachment be among the Priſoners, but we may hear of more Apprehendings: In the mean time, the Town cannot but be concern'd at the Misfortune of Mrs Powell for the ſake of her diſtreſſed Children, and alſo alarm'd to hear that a Man in Holy Orders, and ſo high a degree, ſhould be brought into ſuch a wretched Condition, as 'tis much doubted he is in.

Printed by R. Thomas in Fleet-ſtreet.

A new Song ſung by a Spaniard before the C--r St. George, his Lady, and the late D. of O-ed. Tune Belinda. *Tranſlated from the Spaniſh.*

With Crovvns and Orbs beneath your Feet,
Your R-lty all here do greet.
Thro ſtreams of blood vve'd freely vvade
Sceptres to gain, ſceptres to gain
Sceptres to gain for vvhom they're made.

Was Fate as kind as vve are true,
VVhat Heroes cou'd your Deeds out-do?
The horrors of grim Death vve d ſlight
To honour you, to honour you,
To honour you, the Globe we'd fight.

But, valiant Souls! know that Succeſs,
Does not the Brave at all times bleſs;
Whence you ſubmit to Deſtiny,
And ſlight her frovvns, and ſlight her frowns,
her frowns which envy Maj-y.

You have the bliſs you can deſire,
On Earth no greater can require,
You revel in each other's Arms,
Each other love, each other love,
Each other love for matchleſs Charms.

All Diadems ye may reſign,
All Glories which round Monarchs ſhine,
Since in each others Hearts ye reign,
And may deſpiſe, and may deſpiſe,
Deſpiſe what Scepters can contain.

By birth ye have a Right to a T--
Which ye may alvvays claim your ovvn,
And Trophies thither Hymen did bring
Moſt worthy of, moſt worthy of,
moſt worthy of the pair we ſing.

To Al--n *bid e'er adieu,*
And to ingrateful I---e too;
baſe Lands vvhich ev'ry Year do crave
new L- ds and K--s, new, &c.
new L--ds and K--s, nay G-ds to have.

But now bright P--s, hear my prayer,
May ye be always heavens Care;
And when your flaming Swords you draw
in a juſt Cauſe, in a juſt Cauſe,
Juſt Cauſe, may they your Rivals awe.

Like that the Cherubims once drew,
Which vvou'd have ſlain all Rebels, who
Invaded bleſſed Eden's Ground,
Let yours like them, let yours like them,
Like them both ſacrifice and wound.

But why talk we of Conqueſt, when
Mars fights againſt the beſt of Men,
Bellona is not on your ſide,
So Victory, to Victory,
Victories are to great ſouls deny'd.